

The Importance of Union and Harmony.

The recent revolution in the politics of the country demonstrates the importance of union and harmony in the Democratic party. Of all the lessons taught by the result of the election, none is of more significance than this fact. There have been many painful experiences from the effects of division within the past few years. In the Presidential election of 1890 the division in New York defeated the Democratic candidate. This year the Democrats were harmonized on all questions, and the result was a Democratic victory such as never before known in New York. In speaking of the politics in New York the *Star* has this to say:

"Every defeat in this city since the reorganization of the Democracy in 1892 has been caused by Democratic opposition to the majority. The disaster of 1890 was the result of a policy of a policy it was sheer madness to inaugurate and rule to cause a party to lose now to dwell on that historic humiliation and the causes that led to it. But it teaches that all our efforts have been vain unless we look to the future and the future of the Democracy of this State and of the Synod of the Nation in October, their representatives determined to make an end of division and harmonize the party at whatever cost. They did this work well. They took the representative of all branches of the party into council. They adopted a platform of action which every Democrat can stand, and does stand. They nominated a State ticket which commended itself to all Democrats and which in the election secured a victory of the magnitude of the victory of the party in 1890. This was the result of throwing into a common grave and burying far out of sight the antagonisms, the bitter personalities and faction feuds of a disastrous past. The interest of the people and the general welfare of the country, the great principles upon which our free institutions rest, required every Democrat to subordinate personal feelings and preferences to the common good. The result has been a great tidal wave, and from one hundred and fifty-four Republicans, one hundred thirty-two Democrats and five Republicans and Independents in the Forty-seventh Congress, the Forty-eighth Congress will have a majority of sixty-eight Democrats in the house, with a tie in the Senate and favorable to the Democrats in a party vote."

These facts carry their own moral with them and teach a lesson that is just as important to the Democracy throughout the Union as to New York. By Democratic union and harmony the Republicans were overthrown in many States where least expected. This was the result of throwing into a common grave and burying far out of sight the antagonisms, the bitter personalities and faction feuds of a disastrous past. The interest of the people and the general welfare of the country, the great principles upon which our free institutions rest, required every Democrat to subordinate personal feelings and preferences to the common good. The result has been a great tidal wave, and from one hundred and fifty-four Republicans, one hundred thirty-two Democrats and five Republicans and Independents in the Forty-seventh Congress, the Forty-eighth Congress will have a majority of sixty-eight Democrats in the house, with a tie in the Senate and favorable to the Democrats in a party vote."

It is perfectly plain that the interests and duty of the Democracy require a continuation of this conciliatory policy. In this connection the *Star* presents a solid truth, when it states that "the revived party exists for the good of the people, not for the enrichment of the place-hunters. This magnificent public and is of itself enough to lead every Democrat to smother personal preferences and resentments and ambitions, and co-operate with every other Democrat in supporting a policy which if carried out will create a new era in our history. Before the election of 1890, proper changes had not been made for the sake of victory. Now, the victory has been won through the union, we ought to demand harmony, all the more for the sake of the great interests the Democracy is the only party that represents and champions. Wherever it is possible for one organization to fill the field and do the work of the party well, the spirit of conciliation should prompt our people to union. Wherever leading Democrats have stood apart, distracting each other, believing the worst accusations against each other, growing continually further alienated, there should be reconciliation for the common cause. Principles, not men, was the old motto. Principles, and the men who advocate them, should be the motto of the victorious Democracy now—principles, and the men who sacrifice their preferences and ambitions and resentments, their time and talents, for the principles. This policy of conciliation and harmony, for the sake of the interests and ideas which the party exists to further, will make the victory of this year prepare the way to still greater triumphs."

—Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.

The Democratic Responsibility.

It is perhaps a wise provision that each Congress is elected a considerable time in advance of its first session. This gives its members an opportunity to study the questions upon which they will be called to act without cramming, and ought to equip them with a good understanding, in theory at least, of the important problems with which they will be expected to grapple. The victory which the Democratic party achieved in the recent election, almost unprecedented when we consider that most of the fresh troops had been scored in the North, places upon it a responsibility that is little less than tremendous. But even with that responsibility and the evidences of confidence in the Democratic party which the cheering returns afford, the party is not yet in a position to make the initiative, in public measures. The Senate and the Executive can negative the best work that the House may do, and under such circumstances, no matter how sagacious and progressive the popular branch may be, it will receive but partial credit for its good intentions, and will still be unable to see its principles carried out for the good of the country. But if on account of this condition of things, its labors are less fruiting, its responsibility is none the less great. It must so act as to justify by its evident temper the confidence that has been so unreservedly placed in it. Let this be remembered, especially in the matter of contested election cases, to come before the next House. This is no place in which to take advantage of power. The House will be placed in a semi-judicial position, and it should act with judicial candor and impartiality, finding all claims strictly according to law and evidence. In an article upon this general theme, the *Albany Argus*, an excellent Democratic authority, says: "The party should be once and for all dismiss any idea that it comes into power to wreak revenge or reprisals, or to fortify itself against political changes in the future by present devices, or by such an abuse of public trusts as Statism is practiced. Reforms and not retaliations are the avenue to public confidence. A record which will command respect, and which will be the reason of the confidence and the intelligent self-interest of the

voters, will give a party stronger and longer hold than any recourse to unjust partisan advantage, merely because the physical power to take it exists." That applies as well to the party in State and municipal affairs as it does in Federal. Only by satisfying that test can the party justify its name and its professions. Only by living up to that standard can the party acquire power that it can keep, for the people resent anything that seems like an assertion of a perpetual lien upon their suffrages. The Democracy must remember that it is expected to use its power for the benefit of the whole people. —Boston Post.

The Republican Overthrow Final.

There seems a singular concurrence of opinion among party leaders that this overthrow of the present Republican party is final. For some years, at least since the "bloody shirt" was furled, Republicanism has existed and governed without an idea, a theory, or purpose. Its cohesion and life consisted solely in the "bloody shirt." These were virtually wrested from it by recent elections, and disintegration necessarily supervened. Old men long identified with the party and having immutable prejudices may adhere to its venerable forms and revere its memories, but without a peculiar theory, or any well-defined purpose or scheme of public policy young men will surely abandon it. Nothing can be gained and everything lost by obstinate veneration of an empty name, and the selfish and ambitious will desert the ship ruthlessly dismantled, unadorned, and scuttled and sunk by Jay Hubbell.

Mr. Blaine evidently thinks the catastrophe final and irremediable. He has just said, and for the first time, that he is not, and never again will be, a candidate for any position. Hon. S. F. Barr, Republican member of Congress, has stated that "there is no future for the Republican party."

Its strength and cohesiveness of recent years has consisted solely in its supposed invincibility, ascribed to its power to dispense public patronage. It has used offices to buy votes, and Jay Hubbell's philosophy of Republicanism consisted simply in this theory. The people have slowly comprehended this, and have utterly discarded this Republican party.

It is still asserted by Republican organs subsisting upon public plunder, one of these receiving, it is stated, \$1,000 per month during the late session. Jay Hubbell, that "grand old party" will be rehabilitated. Its unworthy members will be cast out, its bosses decapitated, its thieves punished, and traitors put to death. Nothing can be more impossible, since nothing of this Republicanism after these processes were practiced, would survive.

It is most probable, if we may deduce conclusions from statements made by Republican newspapers and party leaders, that instead of the reproduction of the Republican party, the disintegration of Democracy is hoped for. Wrecked Republicanism then proposes to attach itself to one or more fragments of the Jeffersonian organization. There can hardly be a combination under any circumstances of any fragment of Democracy with any "lost tribe" of this false Republicanism. (As a distinct original party will hardly enter another Presidential campaign. It was surely in *extremis* when Mr. Blaine declared that he was untouchable, and would never more be a candidate, and when almost every intelligent Republican confesses his party's mission accomplished and that its end, like that of the old Whig party that gave it birth, has come.

With the return of peace and settlement of questions growing out of the inter-State conflict, the great purpose of this Republican party was achieved. Therefore, it has existed only to hold off the party, and its favor, but the declared that he was untouchable, and would never more be a candidate, and when almost every intelligent Republican confesses his party's mission accomplished and that its end, like that of the old Whig party that gave it birth, has come.

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PITH AND POINT.

—If we will do for our children half as much as we wish our parents had done for us, the rising generation will have abundant reason for gratitude.

—Admitting that the machinery of silk mills goes like clock-work, it must be admitted that there is something out of joint when the hands begin to strike.

—Foggy has stopped his paper. He says he did it out of kindness to the publishers. Their paper is an organ, and the more stops an organ has the better. —Boston Transcript.

—Somebody has discovered that the correct pronunciation of the word Khedive is "Kodowa." They might as well tell us that the proper way to pronounce bee-hive is behova. —Norristown Herald.

—Don't squander any time over prehistoric man, but rather put in your spare hours wondering if the new family on the corner are the sort of people to lend coffee and sugar and baking powder.

—What is the difference between the youths' and the min's departments at the big clothing shop? asked an Irishman of a friend; and, receiving no reply, he continued, "Because at the I buy me clothes, and at the other I clothes me b'ys." —Harvard Lampoon.

—What do you call them? asked a "small brother" of young Brown, who was making a call. "What do I call them? Why, I should call them beans." "What?" asked the other, turning triumphantly to his sister, "you said that Mr. Brown didn't know beans, but he does." A nine-year-old boy left the room wearing a twelve-year-old smile. —Rochester Post-Express.

A minister was called in to see a man who was very ill. After finishing his visit, as he was leaving the house, he said to the man's wife: "My good woman, do you not go to any church at all?" "Oh, yes, sir; we go to the Barony Kirk." "Then why in the world did you send for me? You said you sent for Dr. Macleod?" "Na, na, sir; 'deed so. We wasna risk him. Dr. ye no ken it's a dangerous case o' typhus?"

—Among the crowd watching the seals at a zoological garden were a newly married couple on a bridal tour. They gave all the rest of the animals the time to observe the seals in the stone basin, and it was a full hour before they grew weary. Chilled by the raw air, and impatient over the waiting, the husband said: "Come, darling, let's go on see the hyenas." The feller who said them seals would fly around and sing at 4 o'clock either liked to or else this 'ere watch has gone ahead on me ag'in." —Exchange.

A negro was observed the other day mailing an unstamped letter at the post-office in a country town in Georgia. He was asked what he meant by mailing letters. "Oh," replied the negro, "I does that reg'lar." "You do?" "Yes, 'er; w'en de postmaster ain't lookin' I draps my letter in; do dat often. I saves de postage, yer see. I jest write a letter, do put no stamp onto it, and slips here and lets her drap. Dat's de way I send my letters and gets de best of de post-office—ha! ha! takes dis nigger to be sharp, it does."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The deepest mine in the world, according to Prof. H. Hofer, is the Prizbar silver mine in Bohemia. The lowest depth 3,300 feet below the surface.

A species of cactus is made useful in Florida. The strong fiber of the leaves is turned into rope, its juice into a pleasant beverage, and its trunk, after the removal of the pith, into rails.

A progressive Atlanta (Ga.) man claims to have invented a milk pail that is kept in motion by a spring, and when he gets through milking a cow the milk has been churned into delicious butter.

A Boston genius has invented a stone-cutting machine that was shown capable of performing in twenty-two minutes what a small army of men could not have accomplished in the same time. The inventor, it is thought, will work a complete revolution in the granite-cutting trade.

Salting, M. L. Fourmont asserts, is not necessarily fatal to trichine imbedded in meat. These parasites may live in salt provisions for fifteen months. Salting, indeed, often serves to preserve the vitality of trichine, as it protects them to some extent from the destructive influence of heat.

Mr. James B. Smith, of Hacketts-town, N. J., has invented and patented an improved signal for railroad crossings, tunnels, and dangerous places, which is declared to be cheap, durable, and incapable of disarrangement. A bowed spring is placed near the rails, so that the wheels of the passing train operate upon it, and by means of a lever and wire attachment work a gong bell or whistle, which is heard at a required distance ahead on the track. The signals remain exposed until the trains have passed, and by means of another spring are restored to place. —Christian Union.

A needle manufactory has been established at Brooklyn, and is the only one in the country, all needles hitherto having come from Europe. They are to be made by machinery, which will be the first attempt of the kind. The manufacture has been entirely by hand and requires many operations; the conversion of the wire into rough needles requires twenty; the tempering and annealing nine; polishing five, which are repeated seven or eight times, and sorting five. The Brooklyn enterprise will, it is to be hoped, prove a success. —Brooklyn Eagle.

A new building material called "fossil coral," has been discovered in a small island in the Bay of Suva, Fiji. When it is first removed it is soft and easily cut into square blocks or any other desired shape, but when it is exposed to the open air for some time it grows very hard and assumes some of the characteristics of fire-brick. What the actual origin of this substance may have been is uncertain, and will form an interesting problem for geologists. At any rate it has been found so useful for building purposes that the Fijian Government have given a large order for cubes of it.

Our Young Folks.

DOT'S CHIMNEY.

Briskly fell the snow's white plumage,
Tossing o'er the barren moor,
While Kris Kringle, jolly features,
So belied the weight he bore.
Fast the peary flakes were falling,
Glad his heavy head to crown,
Making darkness light about him,
As though angels dropped them down.

Sings his heart's sweetest carol,
"Twinkles his gray eyes so bright,
As he pictures the sweet children
In their happy homes to-night.
What cares he that snow is drifting,
And the cold is so intense,
When he sees dear Dot's chimney
Peeping over yonder fence?"

Down the chimney now he's creeping,
Dark and sooty, dim and drear,
Yet his heart is light, though heavy
On his back lies Christmas cheer.
"Quick a jump, I've accomplished,
As he shook himself quite free
From the soot. 'Now where's Dot's stock-
ing?"

Here 'tis. But what do I see?
"Whose is this, and this, and that one?
One last year, but now three more.
I am old, but I turned of eighty.
Through Kris Kringle's jolly features,
Well, I'll fill them," said Kris Kringle;
"May be Dot's were a pile
Of goodies, however they be."
Now, my boy, you're fixed in style."

He guessed rightly: Dot was greedy.
For he had hoarded candles so shyly.
Four bright ones he had in a row,
Morning came, but was in raptures.
Hung within that old black chimney:
But hark! now the door-bell rings.

In came Neighbor Gray a shining,
Times, he said, were very dull;
And a little Sam grew wicker.
Oh! his heart was very full.
Wife, he said, had watched her de do him
Through the cold air, but he didn't
And he came to ask for something—
Only "just a little m-t-t."

Up jumped Dot with a stocking,
And he gave him his festive bliss.
"Give dear little Sammy this."
Just then came the widows' children—
Pretty, but so very poor—
Maz and Mamie, nearly frozen,
Travelling o'er the barren moor.

"Come in quick," said little Dot.
"What's the matter?" pray explain."
"We are going for the doctor."
"What's the matter?" pray explain."
"Maz and Mamie each had a stocking
When they left the farmer's door.
Oh! how well they looked up to us
In his chimney hung up four."

—Harper's Young People.

THEY GOT THE TURKEY.

The shop of Mr. Onosander Golong looked, that 24th of December, like a bower. Two young cedar-trees stood one on each side of the doorway; long garlands of evergreen, sprinkled with bright berries, were festooned all over the walls, and every corner there, and there were lots of them, hanging like some new kind of gigantic fruit from the mass of green that covered the ceiling, had a gay ribbon tied around its neck. And such a wonderful picture in the way of freshness and color as the big window presented to the passersby! Bunches of crisp light green celery leaning up against heaps of brown, pink-eyed-potatoes and honest red onions; fiery-looking peppers side by side with golden oranges and yellow lemons; hard, smooth, shining cranberries trying to look as though they were sweet; great pumpkins; piles of green and piles of rosy apples; bunches of fragrant thyme, and more turkeys, some with and some without their feathered coats, but all, as I said before, with gay ribbons around their necks. Dear me! if Santa Claus could have only looked into that window and peeped into that shop, how pleased he would have been.

He would have laughed! And he certainly would have taken Mr. Onosander Golong for a long-lost brother, for never before did mortal man so strongly resemble the children's old Christmas friend. Snow-white hair, long, snow-white beard, twinkling blue eyes, round, fat, red, good-natured face, a fur cap on his head, bunches of holly berries pinned here and there on his shaggy jacket, and a laugh, good and gracious!—a loud, hearty, mirth-provoking laugh that the very people on the street, hearing it, began to smile, and feel that Christmas was here, indeed. And I tell you Mr. Onosander Golong was busy that day, and so were all the men and boys employed by him. Turkeys and other things that had been ordered the evening before, turkeys and other things that had been ordered early that morning, and turkeys and other things being ordered all the time, were to be packed away in huge baskets, and sent to their respective destinations. But he wasn't so busy but that he stopped a moment from his work to give a piece of meat to a poor dog that had trotted hopefully into the shop (having evidently translated the name "Golong" over the door into "Come in"), and was asking for it with his eyes. And as he rose from patting the dog, he saw two children standing before him, also asking for something with their eyes. They were poorly dressed children, but the girl had a sweet, bright face, and the boy was as jolly-looking a little fellow as you could find anywhere. His cheeks were as round, if not as red, as Mr. Golong's, and his merry black eyes actually danced in his head. Now if there was one place in Mr. Onosander Golong's heart softer than the rest, it was the place he kept for children; and so when he looked at these two looking up at his face—the boy with boyish boldness, and the girl with girlish shyness—he said, in the cheeriest, kindest manner: "Well, small people, what can I do for you?"

"We would like to tell you a story," answered the boy, in a frank, pleasant voice.

"Tell me a story!" repeated Mr. Golong, in a tone of great surprise.

"Yes, sir, please—a Christmas story," was the reply.

"Bless my heart! what a queer idea!" said Mr. Golong, and he laughed a silent laugh that half closed his eyes and wrinkled his nose in the funniest way.

"Wouldn't you like to hear one?" asked the girl coaxingly.

"Of course I would—I'm very fond of stories—but I don't see how I can spare the time. We're so busy just now, and likely to be until night," said Mr. Golong.

"It's only a short one," said the boy.

"A very short one," added the girl.

"Well, go ahead," said the good-natured old fellow. And he sat down on a barrel of potatoes, and his young visitors placed themselves one on each side of him.

"One Christmas-time," the boy began, "there was a big tenement-house in this city, and ten families lived in it, and every one of these families 'cept one, they were a-going to have

for their Christmas dinner. They knew it sure the day before Christmas, all 'cept this one. The family that wasn't sure the day before Christmas morning lived on the top floor, and it was—it was—"

"Mrs. Todd, Neal Todd, Hetty Todd and Pappy Todd," prompted the girl.

"Yes, it was them," said the boy; and went on with his story again.

"Mrs. Todd was Neal's and Hetty's mother—they hadn't any father; he died three years ago—and Pappy was their dog. Mrs. Todd is one of the best mothers ever lived, and she sews button-holes on boys' jackets for a big store; and Hetty cleans up the house, and gets the supper, and such things; and I—mean Neal—runs errands for folks when he can get a chance after school. His mother wants him to go to school till he's fourteen, anyhow, 'cause a boy that has some education can get along better than a boy that don't know anything. And this family, though they were very poor, had always managed to have a turkey dinner till the Christmas I'm telling about, and Mrs. Todd loved turkey."

"Didn't Hetty and Neal?" asked Mr. Golong, closing his eyes and wrinkling his nose again; and he hurried away to wait on a stout lady, all covered with glittering jet ornaments and bangles, who must have been a very particular customer, she talked so loud and so much.

"Didn't Hetty and Neal?" he repeated, when he came back.

"Oh, my! I guess they did!" said the girl, her eyes sparkling.

"They'd a heap funny fellows if they didn't," added the boy; "but, 'pon their words and honors, they wanted it more for their mother—she's such a good mother, and has so few things to eat—that they did for themselves. And it made them feel awful bad when she came home and cried 'cause some wicked thief had stolen her pocket-book with half a week's earnings in it, and the two-dollar bill that the boss had given her to buy a Christmas dinner with besides. And so the boy Neal—he's kind of a nice chap, ain't he, Hetty?"

"Awful nice," replied Hetty, with a mischievous little giggle.

"And he says to his sister—she's awful nice, ain't she, Hetty?"

"Kind of nice," said Hetty, with another little giggle.

"He says to his sister," continued the boy, "Don't say anything to mother, but put on your hat, and bring a basket, and we'll make a try for a merry Christmas dinner—turkey and all. And they went round the corner to a beautiful market, kept by a gentleman who looked exactly like Santa Claus."

Mr. Onosander Golong laughed aloud this time, and flew to wait on another particular customer.

"So he looked like Santa Claus," he said, with a chuckle, when he sat down on the barrel of potatoes again.

"The very image of him!" said the girl, with great emphasis.

"The boy," began the boy once more, "had run errands for him two or three times, and each time had got two apples or oranges besides the reg'lar pay; and he was good to cats and dogs. So this chap went to this gentleman—he took his sister along, 'cause he thought Mr. Golong would like to see her, and they told him their story. And the boy says, when it was done: 'If you would only trust us for a turk—I mean, a turkey, and a few other things, I'll work for you all holiday week, and another week, too, after school. My name's Neal Todd, and my mother is a real nice woman, and I love her just as you used to love your mother when you was a little boy.' And the gentleman, says he: 'Being as it's Christmas-time, and I look so much like Santa Claus, I'll do it.' And he did. And that's all."

Mr. Onosander Golong burst out a laughing, and oh! how he laughed! He laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. He laughed until he nearly fell off the barrel. He laughed until everybody far and near who heard him laughed, too, and the very roosters in the poultry shop over the way joined in. And they got the turkey. —Mrs. Margaret Watkins.

A Curious Legend.


In the Court of the Inner Temple, in London, after the Chancery Inns of Clifford, Lyon and Clement had been established, it was resolved to set up a handsome sun-dial. It was contracted for and put up; and when the barristers had seen it they resolved that there should be an appropriate legend, or motto, engraved upon the margin of the dial. They made known their wish to the maker, and told him to go to the proctor and get directions from him. He would be the best man to decide upon the motto.

So to the proctor's room the maker of the dial made his way. The old proctor was a crotchety fellow, and very averse to being disturbed when at his studies. The idea of a legend for the sun dial was all new to him. He looked up as the man entered, and asked him what he wanted. He knew that something was said, in reply, about the sun-dial; but he did not understand what it was, nor did he care.

"Bah!" he gasped, with a letting go of pent-up breath: "Be-gone about your business!"

The visitor bowed politely and retired; and on the following day, when the habitues of the temple came to look at the new dial they beheld that wonderful legend: "Be-gone about your business!" The story was soon told; and a hearty laugh enjoyed; and then a consultation was held, and it was plainly concluded and so decided: That the legend could not be improved. The command was a most healthful one. And it remained; and if the dial is still standing the curious legend is doubtless still intact. —N. Y. Ledger.

"Doc" Erd, a young railroad clerk of Lexington, Ky., has furnished a powerful argument in favor of the "gospel of relaxation" preached by Herbert Spencer. The company imposed upon him more work than he was able to do, even when he gave to it the hours he should have spent in rest. After having applied himself to his task night and day for months his constitution gave way, and under the pressure of mental distress he put a bullet into his head. He may recover. —N. O. Picayune.

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